



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

The **Charlotte Mason Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit database created in 2009-2011 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover, use, and build upon the Charlotte Mason Collection of archives, journals and books housed in the Armitt Library & Museum (UK). To learn more about this database or to search the digital collection, go to [The Charlotte Mason Digital Collection](#).

Your use of images from the **Charlotte Mason Digital Collection** is subject to a [License](#). To publish images for commercial purposes, a license fee must be submitted and permission received prior to publication. To publish or present images for non-profit purposes, the owner, Redeemer University College, must be notified at cmdc@redeemer.ca and submission of a copy of the context in which it was used also must be submitted to the owner at cmdc@redeemer.ca. Credit lines, as specified in the [License](#), must accompany both the commercial and non-profit use of each image.

Unless you have obtained prior permission, you may not download an entire issue of a journal nor may you make multiple copies of any of the digital images. Higher resolution images are available. [Low resolution (150 dpi), single copy printing is permitted: High resolution images for publication can be purchased. Please contact Redeemer University College in writing as specified in the [License](#) to request high resolution images.

While the document originals are housed in the Armitt Library & Museum, Redeemer University College owns the rights to the Digital Images (in jpg/pdf format) of the original archival documents and artifacts. The original Digital Images and database metadata are owned and maintained by Redeemer University College. Multiple images are bound together in PDF Packages. Click [here](#) to download the latest version of Adobe Reader for better viewing. In the PDF, click an image thumbnail to view it.

This project was made possible through collaboration among the [Armitt Library & Museum](#) (Ambleside, UK), [Redeemer University College](#) (Ancaster, Canada) and the [University of Cumbria](#) (UK) and with the financial assistance of the [Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada](#).

Need help? If you do **not** see a side-bar with image thumbnails:

Some of the PDF packages are large and will take some time to download. A very large PDF package may open more successfully if you download it first to your desktop. (From inside the database record, right-click on the link to the PDF package and save the link to your desktop.) Once it's on your desktop, you can open it up with a recent version of [Adobe Reader](#).

If you have a Macintosh with Safari, the default program to open PDFs is Preview, which does not open the PDF packets. Mac users need to download [Adobe Reader](#). If this cover page appears without a list of PDF files (either at the side or bottom of the screen), look for a paper clip or a menu option to view attachments. If you click that, you should see a list of the pages in the PDF package.

Viewing files with Linux: This works with the default PDF viewer that comes pre-installed with Ubuntu. While viewing this cover page in the PDF viewer, click "View" on the top toolbar, and check the box that says "Side Panel". That will bring up the side panel. The side panel will show only this cover page. Click the 'arrow' at the top of the side panel, and it will give you the option to view "attachments." If you click that, you should see a list of PDF files, which are the pages in the PDF package.



MY GARDEN.

BY E. A. SMITH.

SPRING is here. The warm sun has wooed the bare earth back to life and beauty. Like the tear-stained face of an infant, kissed by a fond mother's lips, smiles have broken through the gloom at last. First amongst the flowers I welcome in my garden, are the snowdrops. Like Nature's wild flowers they spring up in unexpected nooks and shady corners, their snowy whiteness contrasting forcibly with the bare earth. Brave little flowers, how I love you; you speak to me of hope and courage. I read many a silent message in your drooping heads which I must gently lift to reveal half the hidden beauty. Down in the dark, cold earth, who told you spring was near? What mysterious hand touched your pulse and quickened the life in your tiny bulbs? First to live and first to die; there is pathos in the thought. Pushing your way towards the light, you have opened in all your beauty, and we bless you. But before the glory of the spring is here, you will have drooped and died. Other flowers with brighter hues and sweeter scents will follow; shall we remember they were heralded by you? I find your counterpart in the great world outside my garden gates. In the congested city, lives brave and frail as you have struggled towards the light. Vice and poverty are all around, the sunshine of life's prosperity has never reached them. But God's flowers will not have lived in vain, the world is better for their presence as my garden is fairer for the pure white snowdrops.

April has come. Primroses and bluebells are springing everywhere. Gentle showers have moistened the hard clods, and each blade of grass sparkles iridescent in the sunlight. Everything is full of beauty, and I worship at the shrine of Nature. Linger by the fruit trees, a strange wonder fills my heart. Can these dead branches live? The day of miracles is past, I hear some say. Not while a fruit tree remains. Surely it is the commonplace that fails to awe us, even though it contain a miracle beyond man's power of

understanding. Already the sap, that mysterious hidden life, is answering to the call of spring, and soon pink and white buds will burst out everywhere. Who can explain this mystery of life? One long ago spoke in parables to His disciples, the birds, the flowers, the trees, He used as symbols of Divine truths. I think of many things—the tree and its fruit; the Master and His followers; the fruitlessness of any life lived apart from God—these thoughts flash across my mind as I stand beside my fruit trees. The air is full of sunshine, and the birds are twittering gaily. Mating time is here. Some sparrows have robbed a hayrick in the farmer's field to build their nests in my shrubs. A thrush is singing on the tall fir tree, and in the distance a blackbird whistles to his mate. Birds and flowers alike were surely sent to woo us back to heaven again. Did not God send

"His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again?"

* * * *

Summer is here. All the fair promises of spring have been fulfilled. The air is laden with the scent of roses. Bees are busy in the columbine. My garden is transformed, flowers, trees and shrubs flourish luxuriantly. All day the sun has poured his burning rays upon the lawn. Soon evening will be here, and a soft invisible dew will descend upon the parched earth bringing with it a recreative power. Down by the stream a bed of lilies grow, you have to turn aside the leaves to see the fair white bells on their upright stems. In the fields of waving corn the gaudy poppy rears its head, but it is not as fair as these. A child may clap his hands with glee to see the scarlet flowers, but give to me the quieter beauty of the lily of the valley, and the blue forget-me-not, if you would cheer my heart when it is sad. Forget-me-not. How can we forget Thee, Lord, when Thy world is so fair and wonderful? What is it you blue flowers whisper as I stoop to look at your innate beauty? Have you gazed heavenward so long that the sky has dyed your tiny petals until I cannot tell which boasts the brighter blue? Ever looking upward it is as though you have caught some of that far-off beauty and brought it down to earth. Through my short life may I, like

you, keep my face ever heavenward, until I too become transformed from glory unto glory. Pure-hearted, may I gaze into the face of Christ, and reflect that image in some faint way, thus shall I bring a glimpse of heaven to earth.

This morning I found a sermon in a rose tree. Two buds are growing on one stem, one is opening out in all its beauty; each day I note its growth towards perfection. It is a blush rose, and each petal is beautiful in symmetry and tint. When I turn the bend of my gravel path its fragrance comes to meet me, for its sweetness is not confined to narrow bounds. The other bud is unfolding too, but a worm is at its core. The outside petals are fair, but towards the centre they are stunted in their growth. A gardener would cut it off. It is but a parable of human life. The saint and the sinner growing side by side. One ever growing towards perfection, the other arrested in its promise of fuller life by the blighting hand of sin. I love the summer time. In the cool of the day I walk in my garden alone with God and Nature, and listen to the silent voices which stir my heart. As the sun sets in the far west, shedding its golden radiance through the tops of the chestnut trees, I think of that far-off City which hath no need of the sun, whose glories the heart of man hath never conceived. Give me the calm of a summer's evening, the waving branches of spreading trees, the dew-bespangled lawn with its buttercups and daisies, the murmur of the stream beneath the chestnut trees, and in all these I shall hear voices which seek to woo me from the sordid cares of earth.

* * * * *

Autumn is here, its breath has withered my fairest flowers. Summer has flown, fain would I have kept her always here. Dead leaves are everywhere, the cold east wind has ruthlessly torn them from the reluctant trees. Those lingering still upon the branches are dyed with the tints of the autumn sunset. Gold and red, a halo of glory clinging still to the gnarled oak and beech. Yes! Autumn has a beauty of her own, but pervaded always by a strange sadness. One rose hardier than the rest still blooms and sheds its fragrance over the dying leaves. As I pace my garden walks the crisp leaves rustle beneath my feet, others loosening their hold from the branches overhead come pattering down upon my head.

Why have the trees shed their green leaves? Why does the wind sigh in the bare branches? Is it not that the future may bring with it a new wealth of life, fresh vigour, and fairer tints? When autumn reigns in my heart, and I count the dead hopes and listen to their sad refrain, do I not forget the fuller life which shall yet be mine? The autumn sheds its leaves that new ones may take their place. God sometimes takes our fondly cherished hopes and cuts them off before fruition, that in their place He may give us better things. We would fain keep the green leaves always on our trees, but summer wanes and they fall; we would fain tighten our grasp upon earth's joys, but God loosens our trembling hands, and bids us wait. Do we sometimes forget that without the winter days, the spring could never come?

The last fruits have been gathered from my garden. Rosy apples and luscious pears. Soon winter will be with us, and the long waiting time. But while autumn lasts I would not miss its glories by cherishing vain regrets. Gold is everywhere, the bracken by the stream is golden, so is the mountain ash, lovelier now than in its summer foliage. Even the common plants have caught this golden fever, and death has become a crowning glory everywhere. Everything in God's earthly, and in His heavenly temple, saith "Glory," and I give Him thanks. Although the songs of autumn are in a minor key, tender and sad, they awaken sunny memories of the past, and in the robin's clear sweet song hope lingers still.

* * * * *

Winter is here. The cold dark days are followed by darker nights. Once more I wander round my garden. To some it would seem a desolate place, but not to me for I have learnt to search for hidden beauties and have not failed to find some. In a cranny of the moss-grown wall a late primrose still is blooming. Sheltered from biting winds and drinking in the few short hours of sunshine, it has managed to outlive all other flowers in spite of the cold. So pale and fragile, still, it seems to say, the Hand which made me is Divine. Down by the gate the tall dark cedars stand unchanged, so they stood before my time, so they will stand when I have gone. Their solemn outstretched arms immovable against the grey sky. In their branches the birds have a sure refuge from the

wintry blast. The holly bushes are thick with berries, they give a touch of colour to the scene. Snow, rain, and hail can make no difference to their glossy leaves, they have a hidden source of strength denied to oak and elm. Evergreen! I ponder at the word and breathe a prayer that in my varied life I too may have a secret source of strength, which shall outlast each fiery trial, and find me true at last. Winter has its beauties too, rare and exquisite. Sometimes my garden is a fairyland, dazzlingly white and beautiful. Snow-flakes and frost have decked each bare branch, and festooned every angle and nook. Asleep under the warm snow, deep, deep down, my little snowdrops lie, waiting for spring. Under that white carpet, earth holds many treasures; they wait too until the day shall break. In spite of the keen air I linger in my grounds to dream of spring. The winter sun is sinking rapidly behind a bank of snow clouds. Soon it will rise in a far-off land, waking a weary world from slumber. One day it will rise for me in a far-off land, to set no more, for "there shall be no night there." It is a symbol of an eternal truth, as all things in Nature are to him who reads aright.

"Nor is in field or garden anything,
But, duly looked into, contains, serene,
The substance of things hoped for, in the Spring,
And evidence of Summer, not yet seen."

Patmore.

AT PLAY.*

BY EDITH ESCOMBE.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour."

It is such a mistaken idea to think that children must always be amused. I have known grown-up people become martyrs to this erroneous notion, till the children concerned have grown into insatiable tyrants demanding, during their stay downstairs, the exclusive attention of the room.

"The Children's Hour" should, I think, be recognised as a time to be devoted to their amusement and entertainment, but beyond this I consider children ought to play by themselves. The unstudied play of children together is infinitely more entertaining than the set games we teach them. Left to themselves imagination runs riot; chairs are rapidly converted into horses, carriages, trains, motors, beds, houses, whatever corresponds to the particular bent of the moment; any old covering serves for a table-cloth to be spread for a picnic; any ash-tray or paper-weight does service for plates and cups, and with the profound solemnity of children at play, the meal proceeds; the dancing class is repeated in decorous style; once again a chair serves as piano whilst arm exercises and steps are repeated in serious make-believe. Shop, that game of all ages, is enacted with more or less realism according to the leniency of those in charge—and who could deny the pleasure of real rice, sago and barley, even if it should necessitate the later manipulation of shovel and broom, when the children have decamped? Failing these actual joys children will play with empty pots and pans and imaginary coin, and buy and sell and barter to their hearts' content.

Were it possible I would exclude tin toys from every nursery, horrid outcome—with their dangerous ill-finished corners,

* [Discussion is invited.—ED.]